

WOMEN OF THE STREETS NUMBER 35,000 IN N. Y.

New York, Dec. 12.—“There are 35,000 women of the streets in New York today.”

This is the testimony of Mrs. Mary Goode, keeper of a disorderly house, before the aldermanic graft and vice committee today.

“I wish to modify that statement somewhat,” she said, a moment later. “I do not mean that there are 35,000 women in houses such as the one I keep.”

“But there are 35,000 women in New York who are professional prostitutes. And in that number are thousands of shopgirls whose wages of from \$4 to \$5 a week force them into prostitution in order to live.”

Mrs. Goode, who looked more like a high school girl than a resort keeper, gave a detailed statement of graft paid to the police.

She said that police extortion had reached such an extent that the resort keepers had banded themselves into a league to resist it. She said that she herself on behalf of this league had appealed to Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont to help prevent the police hounding.

“There was no use in going to the mayor,” she said. “The mayor thinks the police the finest body of men in the world.”

“I suppose I shall be called a squealer. Rosenthal squealed. He is dead. But the time has come when many must squeal if they are to live.”

“The night court was made to

help us, but the police hold the girls until it has adjourned and get bondsmen who demand \$100 from them. Every \$100 is split with the lieutenant and policeman.”

N. Y. GAMBLERS FALL OUT

New York, Dec. 12.—The gamblers who helped in the murder of Herman Rosenthal and squealed on Lieut. Becker have fallen out.

On his return from Havana two days ago, Bridgie Webber told 15 newspaper men that there never had been a murder plot, and that Rosenthal was killed because two of the gunmen got drunk.

When Bald Jack Rose heard this, he cursed Webber bitterly.

“Bridgie Webber is running true to form,” he said. “He has the soul of a rat and all the cowardice of a rat afraid. Why, my God, if Bridgie hadn’t gathered the boys that night and broke in on them later, crying, ‘Come on, boys, he’s at the Metropole,’ Herman Rosenthal would be alive today.”

Then Webber took back his statements; said he had never said there was no murder plot; said he had refused to be interviewed and that all newspaper men were liars; sent a letter to the district attorney taking back all the names he had called Rose, Vallon and Schepps.

“He’s trying to square himself,” said Bald Jack today, “so he can go back to gambling in New York.”